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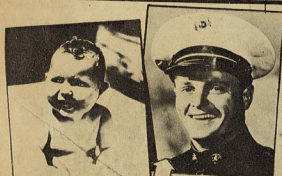
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Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

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Hair.....

Eyes.....

Clothing.....

The VAMPIRE SWOOPS



YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?

YES, DR. THORNTON! WE'VE JUST RECEIVED AN URGENT LETTER FROM A DR. HENRI CHARRON IN AN ISOLATED HAMLET DEEP IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS! IT SEEMS THAT THE INHABITANTS OF CHARVILLE HAVE ALL BEEN STRANGELY AFFLICTED WITH A RARE TYPE OF **ANEMIA**! DR. CHARRON WANTED US TO SEND A SUPPLY OF TONICS, VITAMIN PILLS AND RESTORATIVES... BUT I'M SENDING **YOU** INSTEAD!

U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

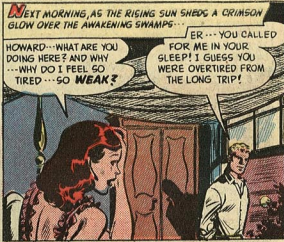
THAT'S BECAUSE THE U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE ALWAYS INVESTIGATES CASES WHICH MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE AN EPIDEMIC OF A STRANGE, NEW DISEASE! I'M ASSIGNING NURSE SYLVIA HARDING TO ASSIST YOU IN YOUR CLINICAL TESTS IN CHARVILLE!

SWELL! AN OPPORTUNITY FOR RESEARCH... AND MY FAVORITE NURSE!

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, MEN HAVE THRILLED TO STRANGE TALES OF THE MYSTERIOUS **UNKNOWN**! NONE IS STRANGER, HOWEVER, THAN THE WEIRD LEGEND OF THE **VAMPIRE**! HERE'S A STORY ABOUT VAMPIRES... AND IT'S A STORY SUCH AS YOU'VE NEVER READ! TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW AS YOU SCAN THESE PAGES... AND LEARN HOW **MODERN SCIENCE** MET A GRIM, SUPERNATURAL SCIENCE... **AND WON OUT!**



POOR KID! I'LL JUST KEEP A VIGIL HERE THE REST OF THE NIGHT...WITH THE LIGHT ON... TO MAKE SURE THAT HER REST ISN'T DISTURBED BY ANY-
THING!



NEXT MORNING, AS THE RISING SUN SHEDS A CRIMSON GLOW OVER THE AWAKENING SWAMPS...

HOWARD...WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHY...WHY DO I FEEL SO TIRED...SO **WEAK?**

ER...YOU CALLED FOR ME IN YOUR SLEEP! I GUESS YOU WERE OVERTIRED FROM THE LONG TRIP!



YOU'D BETTER REST UP IN BED ALL DAY! I'M TAKING A RIDE INTO THE NEAREST TOWN FOR SOME SUPPLIES NOW, BUT I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW HOURS! I'LL LOCK YOUR DOOR BEHIND ME...**JUST TO BE SURE!**

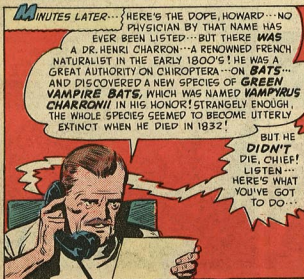
HURRY BACK! I...I DON'T LIKE BEING ALONE IN THIS CREEPY OLD HOUSE!



I DON'T SUPPOSE CHARRON WOULD LIKE THE IDEA OF MY BORROWING HIS HORSE... BUT I'VE GOT TO GET TO A TELEPHONE AS FAST AS I CAN! SYLVIA OUGHT TO BE SAFE WHILE I'M GONE... BECAUSE **BATS DON'T FLY DURING THE DAYTIME!**



HELLO, **CHIEF?**...THIS IS THORNTON... I'M CALLING YOU ON A MATTER OF GREAT URGENCY! I'D LIKE YOU TO FIND OUT IF THERE'S A **DR. HENRI CHARRON** LISTED IN THE INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY OF PHYSICIANS...AND IF HE'S NOT, SEE IF THERE'S ANY RECORD OF THAT NAME IN ANY OF THE NATURALISTS' ENCYCLOPEDIAS FOR THE LAST TWO CENTURIES! I'LL HOLD ON FOR YOUR ANSWER!



MINUTES LATER... HERE'S THE DOPE, HOWARD...NO PHYSICIAN BY THAT NAME HAS EVER BEEN LISTED...BUT THERE WAS A **DR. HENRI CHARRON**...A RENOWNED FRENCH NATURALIST IN THE EARLY 1800'S! HE WAS A GREAT AUTHORITY ON CHIROPTERA...ON **BATS**... AND DISCOVERED A NEW SPECIES OF **GREEN VAMPIRE BATS**, WHICH WAS NAMED **VAMPIRUS CHARRONII** IN HIS HONOR! STRANGELY ENOUGH, THE WHOLE SPECIES SEEMED TO BECOME UTTERLY EXTINGUISHED WHEN HE DIED IN 1832!

BUT HE **DIDN'T** DIE, CHIEF! LISTEN... HERE'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO...



LATER... TOOK ME LONGER TO GET BACK THAN I THOUGHT...THE HORSE WAS TOO TIRED...

HELP! HELP!



THREE DAYS LATER, IN A SLEEPY LOUISIANA TOWN ON THE EDGE OF THE SWAMPS...

IS **THIS** CHARVILLE, HOWARD? IT'S NOTHING BUT A DROOPY OLD ONE-HORSE TOWN!

THIS IS JUST THE NEAREST RAILROAD STATION... **CHARVILLE** IS FAR SMALLER THAN **THIS**! IT'S ABOUT A DOZEN MILES INTO THE SWAMP, RIGHT IN THE HEART OF THE BAYOU COUNTRY... BUT WE CAN GET TO IT IN THAT HACK OVER THERE!

TAKE YUH TUH **CHARVILLE**? WHY, I WOULDN'T GO THAR FER EVERY DOLLAR IN THE WORLD! **NO ONE** IN THESE PARTS HAS PARED SET FOOT IN THAT SWAMP FER OVER A CENTURY... BUT IF YUI'RE PLUMB CRAZY ENOUGH TUH **WANT** TUH GO... THAR'S THE ROAD!

THANKS FOR THE SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY, FRIEND! COME ON, SYLVIA... LET'S START WALKING!

THEN, INTO THE DISMAL, FORBIDDING SWAMPS! INTO THE VERY HEART OF THE GREAT BAYOU COUNTRY... HOME OF THE STRANGE... THE EERIE... THE **UNKNOWN**!

IT'S DISMAL... **SCARY**! MAYBE THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE ARE **RIGHT** IN BEING SO TERROR-STRIKEN ABOUT CHARVILLE AND THE SWAMPS! WHO KNOWS WHAT'S LURKING BEHIND THESE THICKETS?

DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LETTING SOME SILLY LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN! WE'VE **GOT** TO GO ON... IT'S OUR **DUTY** TO HELP THE PEOPLE OF CHARVILLE!

ON AND ON, MILE AFTER WEARY MILE THROUGH THE MIST-SHROUDED BOGS! SUDDENLY...

HOWARD... I... I JUST SAW A... A **BAT** SWOOP DOWN OVER THAT TREE! AND... AND IT WAS **GREEN**!

A **GREEN BAT**? **IMPOSSIBLE**... THERE'S NO SUCH CREATURE, AS FAR AS I KNOW! IT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR **IMAGINATION**!

OHH!

WHO ARE YOU... AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING PROWLING AROUND HERE? **ANSWER ME!**

DON'T SHOUT AT **US**! I'M DR. HOWARD THORNTON OF THE U.S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE! WE WERE ASSIGNED TO INVESTIGATE HEALTH CONDITIONS IN CHARVILLE AFTER A DR. CHARRON WROTE ASKING **US**...

WHAT? BUT I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY **DOCTOR**! I MERELY WANTED THEM TO SEND ME MEDICAL SUPPLIES SO THAT...

AH, FORGIVE ME FOR MY OUTBURST... I'VE LIVED FOR SO MANY YEARS IN THE SWAMPS THAT I'VE FORGOTTEN MY MANNERS! I AM DR. HENRI CHARRON... AND I'M **DELIGHTED** TO WELCOME YOU TO CHARVILLE! COME... MY CARRIAGE IS JUST BEYOND THIS THICKET!

I HOPE YOU CAN HELP THE POPULATION OF MY LITTLE TOWN! FOR SOME YEARS NOW, THEY'VE ALL BEEN SUFFERING FROM THE SAME DISEASE... A STRANGE FORM OF ANEMIA WHICH LEAVES THEM WEAKENED! I WROTE TO THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE BECAUSE THEY ALL SEEM TO HAVE BEEN GETTING **WORSE** LATELY!

BUT **YOU** SEEM TO BE QUITE HEALTHY... DIDN'T THE DISEASE AFFECT **YOU**?

AND YOU'RE A **DOCTOR**... WHY COULDN'T **YOU** HELP THEM?

YES, I **LOOK** HEALTHY, BUT I'M OLDER THAN YOU THINK! I'VE BEEN RETIRED FROM PRACTICE FOR MANY YEARS NOW, BECAUSE OF MY... ER... HEART! AND ANYWAY, NOTHING I DID SEEMED TO HALT THE EPIDEMIC, OR WHATEVER IT IS... ALTHOUGH I MYSELF AM APPARENTLY IMMUNE TO THE DISEASE! MY LONG YEARS IN THE SWAMPS PROBABLY... AH, BUT THERE IS MY TOWN... **CHARVILLE!**

IT... IT'S NOTHING BUT A COLLECTION OF RAMSHACKLE, DECAYING **HOVELS!** SURELY NO ONE **LIVES** IN THEM!

AH, BUT THE TOWNSPEOPLE DO... THEY'RE PROBABLY ALL INSIDE! BUT YOU TWO WON'T STAY IN ANY **HOVEL**... YOU'LL BE **MY** GUESTS! THAT'S MY HOME... THAT MANSION AHEAD!

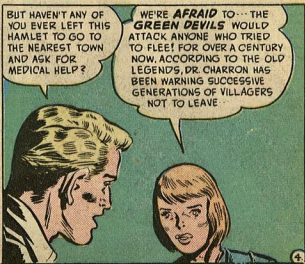
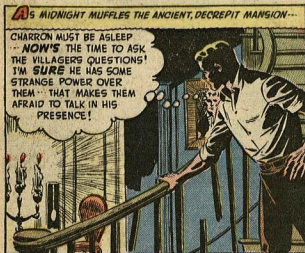
IT'S BEAUTIFUL... BUT SO... **CREEPY!**

CAN I EXAMINE THE VILLAGERS, DR. CHARRON? I'D LIKE TO SEE WHAT THEIR SYMPTOMS ARE!

SURELY... I NEED MERELY TOUCH A BELL TO SUMMON THEM HERE!

GOOD LORD... THOSE PEOPLE RESPONDED TO THE GONG AS IF THEY WERE **SLAVES** OF CHARRON... OR WALKING **ZOMBIES**, HYPNOTIZED INTO HIS POWER!

THIS... THIS IS **INCREDIBLE!** THEY'RE ALL SO GAUNT AND PALE... AS IF THEY'RE MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE!



WHAT...HE'S BEEN THREATENING THE VILLAGERS FOR MORE THAN A **CENTURY**? BUT THAT'S **IMPOSSIBLE**...CHARRON **COULDN'T** BE THAT OLD!

BUT HE **IS**! ACCORDING TO THE OLD LEGENDS, DR. CHARRON CAME HERE AND FOUNDED CHARVILLE IN 1830...AND HE'S NOW **170 YEARS OLD**! HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THE POWERS OF EVIL DARKNESS! HE AND HIS GREEN DEVILS WILL LIVE **FOREVER**...AS LONG AS THEY HAVE **US** TO PREY ON!

SHE...SHE ACTUALLY **BELIEVES** WHAT SHE'S SAYING...SHE'S **MAD**! APPARENTLY THIS STRANGE DISEASE HAS AFFECTED THEIR MINDS...I'LL HAVE TO **HUMOR** HER!

YES, YES, OF **COURSE** CHARRON IS 170 YEARS OLD...MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A BIG BIRTHDAY PARTY FOR HIM TOMORROW...WITH 170 CANDLES! I...I'M KIND OF SLEEPY...SEE YOU ALL IN THE MORNING!

GREAT GUNS...WHAT A HORDE OF **BATS** FLAPPING AROUND THAT OPEN WINDOW...**WAIT!** THAT...THAT'S THE WINDOW TO **SYLVIA'S** ROOM!

AND THAT **HUGE** ONE...IT...IT'S **FLYING INTO HER ROOM!** I...I'VE GOT TO GET UP THERE...**FAST!**

IT'S FEAR THAT POUNDS AT DR. HOWARD THORNTON'S HEART...FEAR OF THE **UNKNOWN!** AND WITHIN SYLVIA'S CHAMBER...**AN UNHOLY SIGHT!**

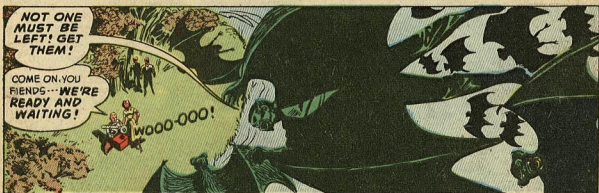
GREAT...**HEAVENS!**

A WHIRRING SOUND FILLS THE ROOM...A RUSH OF WINGS THAT FANS THE SUDDENLY FETID AIR...AND...

IT...IT FLEW AWAY...**WHATEVER** IT WAS! BUT **SYLVIA**...SHE'S LYING THERE SO **STILL**...AS IF...

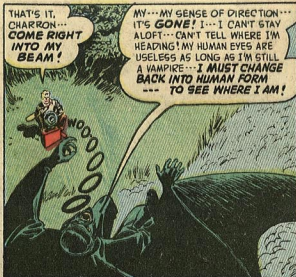
THANK GOSH...HER PULSE IS SLOW, BUT STEADY...SHE JUST SEEMS TO BE IN AN UNUSUALLY DEEP SLEEP! BUT SHE LOOKS SO...SO **PALE**...SO DRAWN...**WAIT**...THOSE MARKS ON HER THROAT!







MY PETS...THEY
DROWNED! THEY'RE
GONE...ALL MY BLOOD-
BROTHERS, ALL MY KIN! BUT
I... I WILL AVENGE
THEIR
DEATHS!



THAT'S IT,
CHARRON...
**COME RIGHT
INTO MY
BEAM!**

MY...MY SENSE OF DIRECTION...
IT'S **GONE!** I... I CAN'T STAY
ALOFT...CAN'T TELL WHERE I'M
HEADING! MY HUMAN EYES ARE
USELESS AS LONG AS I'M STILL
A VAMPIRE... I MUST CHANGE
BACK INTO HUMAN FORM
--- TO SEE WHERE I AM!



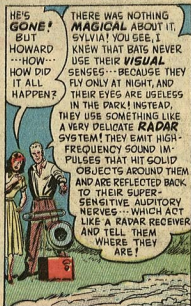
THE TRANSFORMATION IS SUDDEN...
BUT TOO LATE!

THE **QUICKSANDS!**
I CAN SEE NOW...
BUT I CANNOT
FLY!



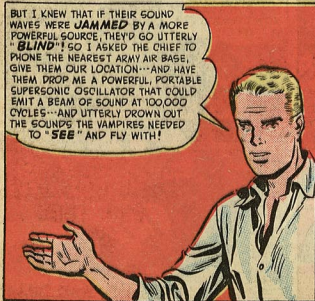
YAGH!

SPLASH!



HE'S
GONE!
BUT
HOWARD
...HOW...
HOW DID
IT ALL
HAPPEN?

THERE WAS NOTHING
MAGICAL ABOUT IT,
SYLVIA! YOU SEE, I
KNEW THAT BATS NEVER
USE THEIR **VISUAL**
SENSES...BECAUSE THEY
FLY ONLY AT NIGHT, AND
THEIR EYES ARE USELESS
IN THE DARK! INSTEAD,
THEY USE SOMETHING LIKE
A VERY DELICATE **RADAR**
SYSTEM! THEY EMIT HIGH-
FREQUENCY SOUND IM-
PULSES THAT HIT SOLID
OBJECTS AROUND THEM,
AND ARE REFLECTED BACK
TO THEIR SUPER-
SENSITIVE AUDITORY
NERVES...WHICH ACT
LIKE A RADAR RECEIVER
AND TELL THEM
WHERE THEY
ARE!



BUT I KNEW THAT IF THEIR SOUND
WAVES WERE **JAMMED** BY A MORE
POWERFUL SOURCE, THEY'D GO UTTERLY
"**BLIND**"! SO I ASKED THE CHIEF TO
PHONE THE NEAREST ARMY AIR BASE,
GIVE THEM OUR LOCATION...AND HAVE
THEM DROP ME A POWERFUL, PORTABLE
SUPERSONIC OSCILLATOR THAT COULD
EMIT A BEAM OF SOUND AT 100,000
CYCLES--AND UTTERLY DROWN OUT
THE **SOUNDS** THE VAMPIRES NEEDED
TO "**SEE**" AND FLY WITH!



YES, CHARRON AND HIS
VAMPIRES HAD ALL THE
ANCIENT, FIENDISH LORE
OF DEMONOLOGY AT THEIR
COMMAND, BUT **MODERN**
SCIENCE CONQUERED
THEM...JUST AS IT WILL
CONQUER SICKNESS...
AND RESTORE THESE
GOOD VILLAGERS TO
HEALTHY, HAPPY
LIVES!

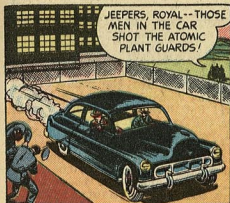
THE END
10

"U.S. ROYAL"

WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE
ATOM SPIES"



JEPPERS, ROYAL--THOSE
MEN IN THE CAR
SHOT THE ATOMIC
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE
TOM NOTIFIES THE
F.B.I.... I'M TAKING
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY ON
A BIKE IS
FOLLOWING
US! SHOULD
I PLUG HIM?

NAH... SAVE YOUR
BULLETS, MUGSY
... WE'LL LOSE
HIM-- WE'RE
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL
INTO HIS JET-ENGINE... STREAKS
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH
A THICK, BLACK JET EXHAUST!



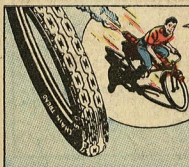
DROP THAT GUN,
BUD... YOU WON'T
NEED IT WHERE
YOU'RE GOING!

WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC
FORMULA-- THANKS TO YOUR
TERRIFIC SPEED AND
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR
U.S. ROYALS SAVED
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND
PERFECT CONTROL--YOU CAN'T BEAT
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN.
TRY THEM AND SEE.



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY--
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN
SKID CHAIN"-- SAYS U.S. ROYAL.

NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH--WHEN
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN. BE SAFE...
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

U.S. ROYAL
BIKE TIRES



Products of
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY



INHUMAN

HUMANS

"IT'S fantastic...unbelievable!" Charles Waverly muttered, wiping the cold sweat away from his forehead. "But it's all here, in black and white---in Dr. Jorgensen's secret files! And it all fits in---now I'm beginning to understand it all..."

Yes, the pieces were beginning to fit together in Charles Waverly's mind. Now he knew the reason why Dr. Jorgensen's biological laboratory was deep in the Michigan Northwoods...why Jorgie never allowed anyone but himself to enter the vaulted, inner labs...why Charles and all the other chemists, physiologists and geneticists all had hazy memories of their past.

Jorgie had told them that when he first hired them fresh from their universities, they had willingly subjected themselves to a special injection that stepped up their intelligence more than tenfold---but that had the unfortunate effect of blotting out all non-scientific memories from infancy on. It had all seemed plausible to them, and Jorgie had gotten them all to admit that their memories were but a minor sacrifice for the great scientific cause they were working on. No one had ever complained---they had all worked ten and twelve hours a day in the labs, aiding Jorgie's great researches into the causes and origins of life itself.

But yesterday had brought the first real change in their routinized lives in years---for their beloved Jorgie had died suddenly of a heart attack. With his dying words, he had told Charles Waverly to take charge of all the labs---and with his dying effort, he had given him the keys to all the secret files and vaults.

Charles had known that Jorgie would have wanted him to plunge into his new duties immediately, without wasting any time in mourning---and so only an hour ago, Charles had started going through the files which no eyes but Jorgie's had ever seen before. And what he had found was fantastic...unbelievable...

Thirty years ago, the files revealed, Dr. Jorgensen had discovered the secret of creating protoplasm---of creating life! With his vast knowledge, he had started electronic breeders and incubators for the production of artificial humans---and had been successful! But Jorgie had been afraid to inform the world of his discoveries until he could be sure his humans would not grow into freaks and monstrosities. And then, when his specimens had matured normally in the incubators, he had subjected their unconscious minds to almost all the scientific lore at his command---and had removed them from the machines to see if they would act and think as humans. After subjecting them to hundreds of psychological tests, he had found that they were normal in all respects---except that they had a strange pathological need to feel that they were all average normal humans, born of human parents.

And because Jorgie feared his creations would go insane if he told them they weren't really human, he had never revealed his secret to them or to the world.

With mounting horror, Charles Waverly glanced down the list of names of artificial humans---Harold Arlen---John Crawford---Jules Hyatt---Leonard Marx---all of them his colleagues and friends---and all of them horribly inhuman! A sudden catastrophic thought hit Charles---what if he---? But no---he, Charles Waverly, had to be human---or else Jorgie would never have put him in charge of the labs! Realizing that he could never bear being a...an artificial, inhuman thing, Charles breathed a sigh of relief and went on reading the names of the specimens. Donald Robinson...Leo Thomas...Charles Waverly!

Instantly, it seemed as if a raging inferno had consumed Charles Waverly's brain, and with the cunning born of madness, he suddenly knew just how he would blow up the labs and all their inhuman creations.

MENACE *from* MARS



HERE'S SOMETHING NEW AND STRANGE, READER...TRULY AN ADVENTURE INTO THE UNKNOWN! BUT

THIS ONE'S DIFFERENT...A MANUSCRIPT SLIPPED UNDER OUR DOOR, AND WRITTEN WITH ALL THE FERVOR AND DESPERATION OF TRUTH! IT'S THE STORY OF A WEIRD **MENACE FROM MARS**...A MESSAGE THAT YOU SHOULD KNOW! HERE IT IS, SET DOWN IN THE WORDS OF ITS AUTHOR! IS IT FACT...OR FICTION?

STOP! DON'T TURN THIS PAGE WITHOUT LISTENING TO MY STORY...**YOUR VERY LIFE MAY DEPEND ON IT!** IT'LL BE THE STRANGEST TALE YOU'VE EVER HEARD, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO READ THIS... YOU'VE GOT TO...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE AND THERE'S NO ONE LEFT ALIVE FOR ME TO WARN! IF IT'LL HELP YOU BELIEVE ME, I'M LARRY GARNER, ACE PRIVATE DETECTIVE, AND IT ALL STARTED THE DAY THE HEAD OF THE UNITED FOUNDATION FOR WORLD PEACE CALLED ME...

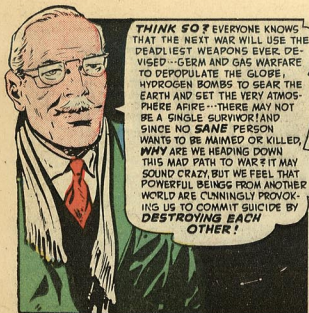


MR. GARNER, I PICKED YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE THE BEST UNDERCOVER INVESTIGATOR IN THE COUNTRY! I WANT TO WARN YOU, THOUGH...THIS WILL BE THE WEIRDEST CASE OF YOUR CAREER...**OF ALL TIME!** WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU WE SUSPECT THAT THERE ARE STRANGE, OTHER-WORLDDLY FORCES...POWERS FROM OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN**...THAT ARE INSIDIOUSLY TRYING TO PROVOKE A **THIRD WORLD WAR**...A WAR THAT WILL KILL OFF EVERY LIVING

HUMAN?

IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, SIR, THAT SOUNDS RATHER **FAR-FETCHED!**





THINK SO? EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE NEXT WAR WILL USE THE DEADLIEST WEAPONS EVER DEvised...GERM AND GAS WARFARE TO DEPOPULATE THE GLOBE; HYDROGEN BOMBS TO SEAR THE EARTH AND GET THE VERY ATMOSPHERE AFIRE...THERE MAY NOT BE A SINGLE SURVIVOR! AND SINCE NO **SANE** PERSON WANTS TO BE MAIMED OR KILLED, **WHY** ARE WE HEADING DOWN THIS MAD PATH TO WAR? IT MAY SOUND CRAZY, BUT WE FEEL THAT POWERFUL BEINGS FROM ANOTHER WORLD ARE CUNNINGLY PROVOKING US TO COMMIT SUICIDE BY **DESTROYING EACH OTHER!**

ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THEY WANT US KILLED OFF SO THAT **THEY** CAN TAKE OVER ALL OF EARTH? EVEN IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, HOW WOULD I GO ABOUT FINDING ANY OF THESE UNKNOWN CREATURES?

WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE LEAD...A VERY GLIM ONE! WE KEEP TABS ON MANY OF THE WAR-MONGERING AGITATORS...AND EACH TIME WE'VE SENT A MAN OUT TO ATTEND THE MEETINGS OF THE LEAGUE TO DEFEND CIVILIZATION, RUN BY A FANATIC NAMED HAMILTON BROWNE, OUR AGENT HAS STRANGELY **FAILED** US!



INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PERSUADE BROWNE'S AUDIENCE THAT WAR IS SUICIDE, OUR MAN ALWAYS COMES BACK TO TELL US THAT HE IS **ABANDONING** OUR CAUSE...BECAUSE HE'S BECOME CONVINCED THAT ONLY AN IMMEDIATE **WAR** CAN SAVE CIVILIZATION FROM THE FORCES OF BARBARISM!

YOU THINK YOUR AGENTS MIGHT HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY THESE STRANGE, OTHER-WORLDFLY POWERS, EH? HMM...I THINK I'LL ATTEND ONE OF MR. HAMILTON BROWNE'S MEETINGS!



I LEARNED THAT BROWNE WAS HOLDING A STREET CORNER MEETING THAT VERY NIGHT! RITA, MY PRETTY SECRETARY AND FIANCEE, ACCOMPANIED ME...

...AND I SAY TO YOU...THE ONLY WAY WE CAN SAVE OUR LIVES AND OUR CIVILIZATION IS TO DROP OUR MOST POWERFUL ATOMIC BOMBS ON **ALL** OUR POTENTIAL ENEMIES...**NOW!** DESTROY THEM ALL...BEFORE THEY DESTROY **US!**

ALL RIGHT, RITA...ASK HIM THAT QUESTION I COACHED YOU ON!



WAIT! DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT OUR ATTACK WILL BRING IMMEDIATE RETALIATION...THAT **WE'LL** BE ATOM-BOMBED IN RETURN? CAN'T YOU SEE THAT THE ONLY WAY TO PEACE IS BY DISARMAMENT AND BY A STRONG WORLD GOVERNMENT?

AH, A HECKLER! BUT YOU **CAN'T** MEAN WHAT YOU SAY! I'LL WAGER YOU CAN'T LOOK ME IN THE EYE AND GWEAR THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT NONSENSE YOU JUST SPOKE! **LOOK AT ME!**

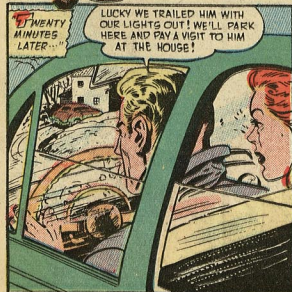
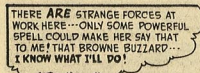


YOU SEE?...YOU DON'T **REALLY** BELIEVE IN THE FOLLY OF DISARMAMENT...YOU BELIEVE IN AN IMMEDIATE HOLY CRUSADE OF **WAR!** SAY IT... SAY IT!

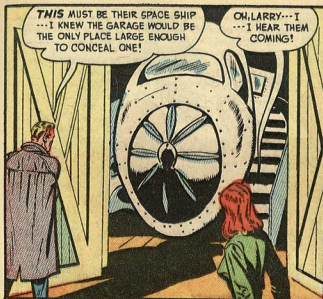
I... I...

GREAT SCOTT... SHE LOOKS AS IF SHE'S BEING **HYPNOTIZED!**









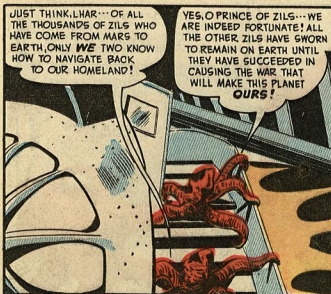
THIS MUST BE THEIR SPACE SHIP
...I KNEW THE GARAGE WOULD BE
THE ONLY PLACE LARGE ENOUGH
TO CONCEAL ONE!

OH, LARRY... I
...I HEAR THEM
COMING!



WHAT ARE YOU DOING
...WHY ARE WE GOING
IN HERE?

BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY
PLACE TO HIDE FROM
THEM! IF THEY SEE US HERE
BEFORE WE HAVE A CHANCE
TO EXPLAIN THAT WE'RE
THEIR FRIENDS AND WANT
TO HELP THEM IN THEIR
CRUSADE, THEY'LL KILL US
INSTANTLY! ONCE ON
BOARD, WE'LL WAIT FOR
AN OPPORTUNITY TO
EXPLAIN OURSELVES!



JUST THINK, LARRY... OF ALL
THE THOUSANDS OF ZILS WHO
HAVE COME FROM MARS TO
EARTH, ONLY **WE** TWO KNOW
HOW TO NAVIGATE BACK
TO OUR HOMELAND!

YES, O PRINCE OF ZILS... WE
ARE INDEED FORTUNATE! ALL
THE OTHER ZILS HAVE SWORN
TO REMAIN ON EARTH UNTIL
THEY HAVE SUCCEEDED IN
CAUSING THE WAR THAT
WILL MAKE THIS PLANET
OURS!



A MOMENTS LATER...

BOOOOM!



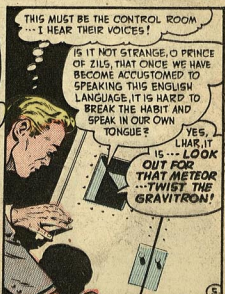
WE MUST HAVE TAKEN OFF!
THAT TREMENDOUS NOISE...

LUCKY WE JAMMED OUR
SELVES INTO THIS NARROW
STOREROOM... THESE BALES
KEPT US FROM BEING SMASHED
AGAINST THE SIDES OF
THE SHIP! I'M GOING TO
HAVE A LOOK AROUND, HONEY
...YOU STAY HERE AND IMAGINE
HOW THIS SHIP LOOKS
TO THE PEOPLE DOWN
ON EARTH!



LOOK...
ANOTHER O'
THEM THERE
FLYIN' SAUCERS!

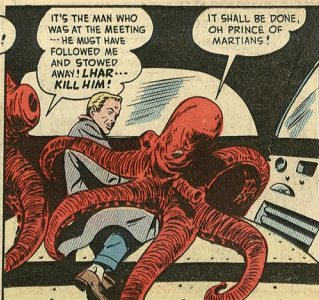
YEAH... I SEEN A
LOT O' 'EM COMIN'
DOWN, BUT I NEVER
SEEN ONE GOIN'
UP AFORE! AN' IT'S
NO USE TELLIN' THIS
TUN THE NEWSPAPER
FELLAS... THEY JEST
CALL IT **MASS HALLUCINATION!**



THIS MUST BE THE CONTROL ROOM
...I HEAR THEIR VOICES!

IS IT NOT STRANGE, O PRINCE
OF ZILS, THAT ONCE WE HAVE
BECOME ACCUSTOMED TO
SPEAKING THIS ENGLISH
LANGUAGE, IT IS HARD TO
BREAK THE HABIT AND
SPEAK IN OUR OWN
TONGUE?

YES,
LARRY, IT
IS... **LOOK
OUT FOR
THAT METEOR
...TWIST THE
GRAVITRON!**



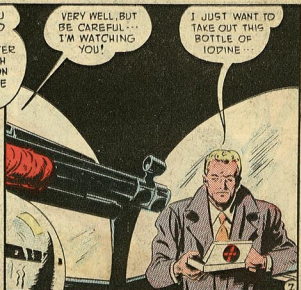


ITS LACK CAUSES THESE STRANGE SWELLINGS ON OUR BODIES... EVENTUALLY FATAL! BUT EVER SINCE OUR FIRST SPACE EXPLORERS BROUGHT BACK REPORTS THAT EARTH'S WATERS DIMINISH THESE SWELLINGS, I... PRINCE OF THE ZILS... HAVE BEEN IN CHARGE OF DEPOPULATING EARTH SO THAT **WE** COULD LIVE HERE!



YES, **WE** HELPED GIVE THE SECRET OF THE ATOMIC BOMB TO OPPOSING POWERS, AND WHEN EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WEAPONS ARE USED IN THE NEXT WAR, NOT A SINGLE HUMAN WILL BE LEFT ALIVE TO RESIST THE MARTIAN INVASION! AS FOR **YOU**, I COULD KILL YOU NOW... BUT OUR SCIENTISTS MAY HAVE GREATER USE FOR YOU!

WELL, IF YOU WANT ME TO STAY ALIVE, YOU'D BETTER LET ME PATCH UP THIS CUT ON MY HEAD WITH THE FIRST-AID KIT I ALWAYS CARRY!





...AND LET
YOU HAVE IT
LIKE
THIS!

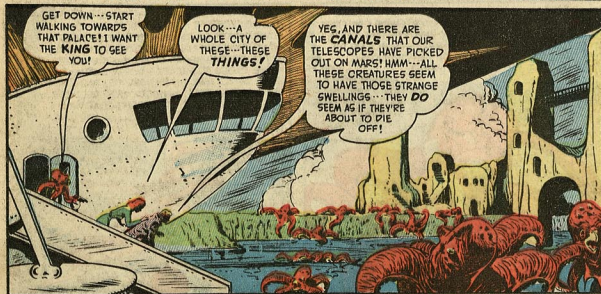


STRANGE, IT DIDN'T
SEEM TO BOTHER
YOU...HEY! I
...I'M PARA-
LYZED!

YES, YOUR IODINE
...WHATEVER THAT
IS...IS QUITE PUNY
COMPARED TO THIS
PARALYSIS GUN!
AND NOW YOU'LL
GIVE ME NO MORE
TROUBLE FOR THE
REST OF THE
TRIP!



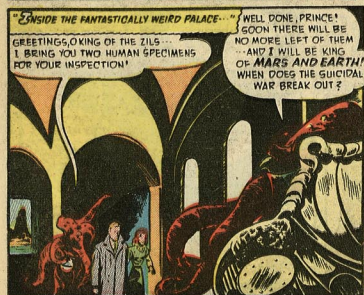
"TWO HOURS LATER..."
AH,
HOME
AGAIN!
MARS!



GET DOWN...START
WALKING TOWARDS
THAT PALACE! I WANT
THE KING TO SEE
YOU!

LOOK...A
WHOLE CITY OF
THESE...THESE
THINGS!

YES, AND THERE ARE
THE CANALS THAT OUR
TELESCOPES HAVE PICKED
OUT ON MARS! HMM...ALL
THESE CREATURES SEEM
TO HAVE THOSE STRANGE
SWELLINGS...THEY DO
SEEM AS IF THEY'RE
ABOUT TO DIE
OFF!



"INSIDE THE FANTASTICALLY WEIRD PALACE..."

GREETINGS, O KING OF THE ZILS...
I BRING YOU TWO HUMAN SPECIMENS
FOR YOUR INSPECTION!

WELL DONE, PRINCE!
SOON THERE WILL BE
NO MORE LEFT OF THEM
...AND I WILL BE KING
OF MARS AND EARTH!
WHEN DOES THE SUICIDAL
WAR BREAK OUT?



WE HAVE TIMED IT TO OCCUR WITHIN A
YEAR, O KING! WE ARE DELAYING IT
SO THAT OUR AGENTS, DISGUISED AS
SCIENTISTS, CAN GIVE THE HUMANS
EVEN MORE DESTRUCTIVE
WEAPONS!

GOOD! IN A
YEAR THERE WILL
STILL BE ENOUGH ZIL
SURVIVORS OF THIS
STRANGE SWELLING
DISEASE TO MIGRATE
TO EARTH! BUT NOW...
TAKE THESE TWO PUNY
SPECIMENS TO THE
LABORATORIES!

NO...
WAIT!



YOUR HEAD AND BODY, PRINCE... THE SWELLINGS HAVE **DIS-APPEARED!**

YOU... YOU'RE **RIGHT!** BUT **HOW... WHY...?**

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE ANSWER... THE STRANGE, VITAL SUBSTANCE THAT HAS BEEN USED UP IN YOUR CANAL WATERS WAS **IODINE!** EVEN ON EARTH, A DEFICIENCY OF THAT ELEMENT CAUSES GOITRE... WHICH IS APPARENTLY THE SAME SWELLING DISEASE THAT IS AFFLICTING YOUR ZILG! SINCE AMPHIBIOUS ANIMALS **MUST** HAVE IODINE, ITS LACK IS CAUSING YOUR DEATH... BUT WHEN I THREW THAT BOTTLE OF IODINE AT YOU, IT BEGAN WORKING AND **CURED** YOU!



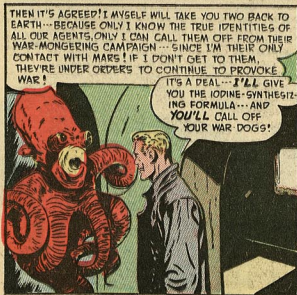
INTERESTING... BUT **NOTHING** WILL INTERFERE WITH OUR CAMPAIGN TO DESTROY HUMANS... **NOTHING** WILL STOP ME FROM ADDING EARTH TO MY KINGDOM!

BUT I CAN TELL YOU HOW TO SYNTHESIZE IODINE... YOU WON'T **NEED** EARTH'S SOURCES! YOU'LL ALL BE HEALTHY HERE, AND YOU CAN CALL OFF YOUR AGENTS ON EARTH AND TELL THEM TO STOP PROVOKING US TO WAR! **LET US LIVE IN PEACE!**



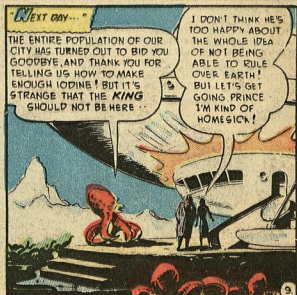
SIRE, THE HUMAN IS RIGHT! WE ZILGS ARE NORMALLY A PEACE-LOVING RACE, AND THERE IS NO NEED TO DESTROY ALL HUMANS NOW THAT WE CAN STAY ON MARS... AND THRIVE! ONCE I TELL THIS TO THE ZILGS, THEY'LL REVOLT IF YOU INSIST ON DESTROYING THE HUMANS AND ANNEXING EARTH TO YOUR KINGDOM!

OH, WELL... YOU'RE RIGHT, PRINCE! I DON'T WANT TO RISK A REVOLT AND PERHAPS LOSE MY KINGDOM FOR ANOTHER PUNY PLANET!



THEN IT'S AGREED! I MYSELF WILL TAKE YOU TWO BACK TO EARTH... BECAUSE ONLY I KNOW THE TRUE IDENTITIES OF ALL OUR AGENTS. ONLY I CAN CALL THEM OFF FROM THEIR WAR-MONGERING CAMPAIGN... SINCE I'M THEIR ONLY CONTACT WITH MARS! IF I DON'T GET TO THEM, THEY'RE UNDER ORDERS TO CONTINUE TO PROVOKE WAR!

IT'S A DEAL... I'LL GIVE YOU THE IODINE-SYNTHESIZING FORMULA... AND YOU'LL CALL OFF YOUR WAR DOGS!

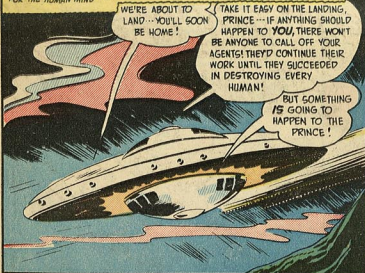


"NEXT DAY..."

THE ENTIRE POPULATION OF OUR CITY HAS TURNED OUT TO BID YOU GOODBYE, AND THANK YOU FOR TELLING US HOW TO MAKE ENOUGH IODINE! BUT IT'S STRANGE THAT THE **KING** SHOULD NOT BE HERE...

I DON'T THINK HE'S TOO HAPPY ABOUT THE WHOLE IDEA OF NOT BEING ABLE TO RULE OVER EARTH! BUT LET'S GET GOING PRINCE. I'M KIND OF HOMESICK!

THEN, AFTER HOURS OF WHIRLING THROUGH SPACE AT SPEEDS TOO DAZZLING FOR THE HUMAN MIND...



WE'RE ABOUT TO LAND... YOU'LL SOON BE HOME!

TAKE IT EASY ON THE LANDING, PRINCE... IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU, THERE WON'T BE ANYONE TO CALL OFF YOUR AGENTS! THEY'D CONTINUE THEIR WORK UNTIL THEY SUCCEEDED IN DESTROYING EVERY HUMAN!

BUT SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THE PRINCE!

THE KING!



YES, I! I STOWED AWAY TO MAKE SURE THAT NO ONE REVOKES OUR AGENTS' ORDERS... SO THAT THEY WILL CONTINUE TO PROVOKE A WAR WHICH WILL LEAVE EARTH A SHAMBLES! AND WHEN I RETURN TO MARS WITH THE NEWS THAT THERE ARE NO LIVING BEINGS LEFT ON EARTH, NO ONE WILL OBJECT TO MY ADDING THE WHOLE PLANET TO MY POSSESSIONS! AND NOW, PRINCE, YOU DIE...



...AND I WILL TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS!

NEVER... NOT AS LONG AS I CAN THROW YOU OFF BALANCE BY DIVING THE SHIP!

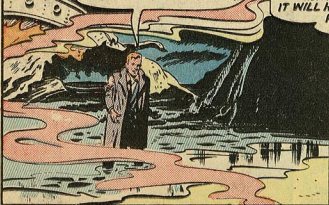


THE CONTROLS... WE'RE CRASHING!

OH, NO... NO!



THEY... THEY'RE ALL DEAD! IT... IT'S AS IF THE FATES WANTED TO GIVE ME... FOR A PURPOSE! AND NOW THAT THE MARTIAN AGENTS CAN'T BE CALLED OFF, I KNOW WHAT THAT PURPOSE IS... I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO! I... I'VE GOT TO TRY TO TELL MY STORY TO THE PEOPLE... MAKE THEM LISTEN TO ME!



I KNOW MY STORY IS HARD TO BELIEVE! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME... YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THAT WAR MEANS SUICIDE FOR THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE! BEWARE ALL THOSE WHO PREACH WAR... THEY MAY BE MARTIANS IN DISGUISE! YOUR VERY LIFE IS AT STAKE UNLESS YOU WORK FOR PEACE... AND WHEN A PERMANENT PEACE IS FINALLY ACHIEVED, IT WON'T MATTER WHETHER MY STORY IS TRUE OR FALSE... IT WILL HAVE FULFILLED ITS PURPOSE!



THE END!
10.

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PAGES



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PORTRAIT *from* LIFE

ARTIST Tom Redfield angrily hurled his canvas across the studio and clenched his hands in despair. "I'm no good---I'll never be any good!" he shouted. "Nothing I draw seems to come to life---it's all flat, two-dimensional, dead! I...I'd give my soul to draw a single picture that would really seem to have life in it!"

Knock-knock!

Still angry, Tom stalked to the door and flung it open. "Yes?" he said to the tall, dark, saturnine man standing in the doorway. "What do you want?"

The swarthy man smiled apologetically. "Forgive me," he said in a strangely hollow voice, "I couldn't help overhearing your words as I passed in the hallway---and you're lucky that I did. I'm a traveling pedler, frequenting the artist's district, selling art supplies. I've just gotten rid of my entire stock---with the exception of one rare, imported pencil---and when I heard your fervent wish, I immediately knew that this pencil was made for you! Allow me to present it to you---as a gift!"

Tom suspiciously took the black pencil from the man and began examining the unfamiliar, cabalistic writing on its side. "What's this strange, foreign lettering on it?" he asked. "Where did you import it from?"

"From the...er, warmer regions! May it fulfill your artistic wishes!"

The man's voice seemed to be oddly fading away, and by the time Tom looked up from his examination of the pencil, the pedler was gone. Tom wondered how he could have gotten down the stairs so fast, but shrugged his shoulders and turned back to his studio. He knew the pedler was either a practical joker or a quack---but he felt strange-

ly impelled to try the new pencil out.

Sitting down at his drawing board, Tom began sketching in a self-portrait, frequently looking at the mirror in front of him as a guide.

Tom always started his portraits from the top, and by the time he completed the hair, he suddenly noticed that his hand, brushing against the paper, actually *felt* hair! Excited, he touched it more carefully---and there was no doubt about it---it had the texture, color and feel of *actual* hair---his hair!

Wonderingly, with a growing sense of triumph, Tom quickly sketched in eyes that instantly took on the glow and color of life...nostrils that seemed to quiver with lifelike excitement...lips that were moist with constant wetting...a chin that actually felt as bristly as a two-day-old beard!

By this time, he was beside himself with exultation. Quickly sketching in a throat that seemed to throb with the very pulse of life, he drew the corded veins that were now tensely outlined on his own thin neck.

"Oops---made that vein too thick---I'll just erase it with the eraser on the other end of the pencil!"

Tom began rubbing vigorously with the eraser against the neck he had just drawn---and suddenly stopped, a look of horror on his face and a gurgling sound on his lips. The last sight his dying eyes took in was that of his reflection in the mirror---the reflection of a man with a deathly gash in his throat!

By the time Tom's lifeless body slumped to the floor, the tall, dark, saturnine man was in the room, ready to collect his pencil---and a human soul!

A NIGHT IN BLACK KNOLL

"THIS IS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED TO ME...ON A NIGHT THAT WAS WARM AND STILL AND FILLED WITH THE CREEPING MISTS OF TERROR! WHAT I SAW, YOU'LL SEE HERE...THE ECHO OF WHAT I HEARD MAY THROB IN THE DARKNESS YOU TRY TO SHUT OUT... BUT BE THANKFUL YOU WEREN'T ALONE DURING A NIGHT IN BLACK KNOLL!"

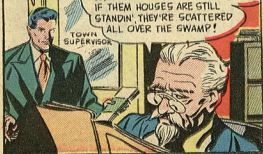


"IN THE SPRING OF 1950, I WAS A CENSUS TAKER... ASSIGNED TO PALMETTO, THE ONLY SIZEABLE TOWN IN THE CYPRESS SWAMP COUNTRY..."

"I'VE FINISHED MY COUNT IN PALMETTO...BUT ACCORDING TO THE OLD COUNTY RECORDS, THERE'S ONE SPOT THAT REMAINS TO BE TALLIED! CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING ABOUT THAT GROUP OF HOUSES DEEP IN THE SWAMPLAND...ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM TOWN?"

"I WOULDN'T BOTHER GOIN' THERE! ROAD'S BAD...AND EVEN IF THEM HOUSES ARE STILL STANDIN', THEY'RE SCATTERED ALL OVER THE SWAMP!"

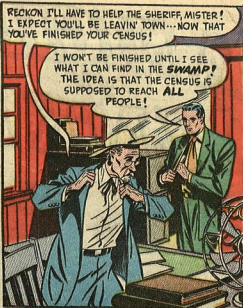
TOWN SUPERVISOR



BUT IS IT A PLACE? WHAT'S IT CALLED?"

NEVER HAD A NAME, MISTER! MY GRANDFATHER USED TO TALK ABOUT THOSE SWAMP FOLKS...BUT THERE'S NO USE TAKIN' UP YOUR TIME WITH A LOT OF LOCAL LEGENDS!





GET **WHERE?** THE ROAD SEEMED TO RUN ON AND ON, WITH NOTHING MORE DEFINITE THAN THE GROWING SHADOWS... A ROAD LEADING TO A PLACE WITHOUT A NAME... AND WITHOUT PEOPLE! SLOWLY THE DRONE OF NIGHT-FLYING BEETLES, THE RASPY CHANT OF FROGS AMID THE WHISPERING REEDS, AND THE STR OF NAMELESS THINGS IN THE CLINGING GLOOM SEEMED TO JOIN IN A CHORUS... UTTERING A CADENCE THAT ROSE AND FELL FROM ALL SIDES!



SUDDENLY, FROM FAR OFF, THERE WAS A DIFFERENT SOUND...A MUTED CRY THAT MINGLED HOPELESSNESS AND ANGUISH IN A SINGLE WELLING NOTE!"



"**I** THOUGHT IT OVER AS I DROVE...THE BLACK-FRINGED CYPRESSES FORMING AN ARCH OVER THE ROAD THAT WAS DARKER THAN THE NIGHT ITSELF!"

THE TOWN SUPERVISOR WAS DEAD CERTAIN I WOULDN'T FIND PEOPLE OUT HERE...AND YET THAT YELL I HEARD DEFINITELY SHOWS HE'S WRONG!WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

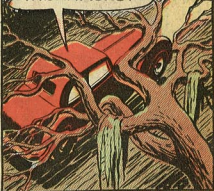


"**A**S IF A THOUSAND LISTENERS WERE VOICING A REPLY...STEADY AS THE THROB OF A GIGANTIC HEART..."



"**J**UST A SOUND...BUT I FOUND MY HANDS CLAMMY AS I STARTED THE CAR!"

STRANGE THAT I SHOULD GET JUMPY ABOUT THAT KIND OF NOISE! AFTER ALL, IT'S WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR... IT'S WHAT I EXPECTED TO FIND... A HUMAN VOICE!



"**I**T WAS ALMOST A RELIEF, SOON AFTERWARD, TO FIND I WAS APPROACHING A HOUSE...A RICKETY HOUSE WITH A FEEBLE LIGHT GLEAMING IN THE WINDOW!"

NOT MUCH OF A PLACE...BUT WITH THE REST OF THE HOUSES SCATTERED ALL OVER THE SWAMP, I MIGHT AS WELL SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!



MY HAND GROPED TOWARD THE DOOR...FOR A KNOCK THAT HAD THE MUFFLED THUD OF A HAMMER NAILING DOWN A COFFIN LID!"



"**T**HEN THE DOORWAY YAWNED BEFORE ME LIKE THE PARTING OF A SHROUD...AND A FORM CONFRONTED ME, GAUNT AND GREY! WHILE THE SLENDER CANDLE FLAME QUIVERED AND WEAVERD...TRAPPED BY THE DARKNESS AROUND IT..."

I...I'M SORRY I DISTURBED YOU...BUT I WAS HOPING I COULD GET A ROOM UNTIL MORNING!



WITH VOICES DRY AS THE MIDNIGHT SCURRY OF DEAD LEAVES...



WE HAVE ONLY ONE SPARE ROOM!
GO TO **BLACK KNOLL!**

YES... THERE'S
PLENTY OF ROOM
IN **BLACK KNOLL!**

BRUSHING AWAY THE COBWEBS THAT CLUNG TO ME LIKE
TINY NETS OF FEAR, I REPEATED THE WORDS... AND FOR
NO GOOD REASON... SHIVERED!

BLACK KNOLL... THAT'S PLAIN ENOUGH...
WHY DID THE TOWN SUPERVISOR SAY THE PLACE
WAS NAMELESS? ANYWAY... DRIVING THERE **NOW**
IS OUT OF THE QUESTION!

LOOK... ALL I WANT IS A
SMALL ROOM WHERE I
CAN GET SOME REST!



THERE ARE MANY
SMALL ROOMS
IN **BLACK KNOLL!**

EVERYONE
RESTS WELL
IN **BLACK KNOLL!**



ET ALL STOLE OVER MY SENSES LIKE A NUMBING DRUG... THE SLOW
WORDS, MEASURED AS A DRUMBEAT... THE HUM OF NIGHT SOUNDS,
RIPPLING PAST THE GRIMY WINDOWS!

I HATE TO BE RUDE, BUT THERE'S NO
CHOICE IN THE MATTER... I'VE GOT
TO STAY HERE FOR THE NIGHT!



SILENTLY, THEY TURNED TOWARD THE DOOR-
WAY OF AN ADJOINING ROOM! I HEARD SOME-
THING BEING MOVED INSIDE AS THEY GOT IT
READY... AND IDLY PICKED UP A NEWSPAPER
LYING ON THE TABLE! ONE GLANCE... AND I
FELT THE BACK OF MY NECK CREEP UNDER A
TOUCH OF DREAD!

TOLD MYSELF IT WAS PERFECTLY
NATURAL TO FIND AN OLD NEWSPAPER
IN A HOUSE LIKE THIS... **EVERYTHING**
IN IT WAS OLD! AND YET I WONDERED AT
MY RELUCTANCE TO TURN WHEN I HEARD
THE DOOR OF THE CHAMBER OPENING
AGAIN BEHIND ME!

THAT'S JUST WHAT I **HADN'T**
SEEN... THEIR FACES... FACES THAT
PEEKED OVER THE DANCING CANDLE
FLAME! YES, EVERYTHING IN THE HOUSE
WAS OLD... BUT THAT COULDN'T EX-
PLAIN THESE FEATURES WITHERED
AS A GRAVEYARD WREATH... FEATURES
THAT STOPPED BEING OLD A
LONG TIME AGO!

BUT NOT AS
WELL AS YOU
WOULD REST IN
BLACK KNOLL!



WHAT'S THERE TO BE JUMPY
ABOUT? HAVEN'T I GOKEN TO
THESE PEOPLE... SEEN THEM AS
CLEARLY AS I NOW SEE MY OWN
WHITE FACE REFLECTED IN THE
GOOTY LAMP?



"THE ROOM WAS READY...AND THE BLACK DOORWAY FACED ME WITH A WAITING STARE! BUT I COULDN'T STEEL MYSELF TO TAKE THE CANDLE FROM THE OLD MAN'S HAND...A HAND THAT MIGHT FEEL COLD...OR MIGHT NOT BE FELT AT ALL!"

THERE'S NOTHING IN HERE BUT A BED
...AND YET I SEEM TO SENSE SOMETHING
ELSE! IT'S NOT IN MY MIND...IT'S A PRESENCE
...IT'S DEATH!

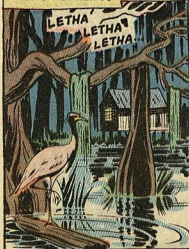


"MINUTES LATER...LYING IN DARKNESS STIFLING AS WET BLACK FUR...I TRIED TO REASSURE MYSELF!"

NO USE BROODING ABOUT IT...SO FAR, I HAVEN'T
ACTUALLY **PROVED** THOSE OLD PEOPLE ARE
GHOSTS...SO WHAT'S THERE TO BE
AFRAID OF?



"AGAIN, THE NIGHT SEEMED TO GIVE
ANSWER...QUAVERING FROM THE LONELY
MILES OF MARSHLAND!"



"LISTENING TENSELY, I WAS CERTAIN
THAT I COULD HEAR SOMETHING **ELSE**
...A PANTING BREATH RASPING IN THE
DARKNESS!"

I'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON
MYSELF! THAT SOUND'S COMING
FROM THE BED...IT'S **ME** BREATH-
ING...AND IT SHOWS I'M
SCARED!



"I TRIED TO SMILE AS THE SLOW
GASPS FADED OFF...BUT MY EYES
SHIFTED...STARING INTO NOTHING
...AWARE OF **SOMETHING!**"

GEE? NOW THAT I'VE CALMED
DOWN, THAT NOISE HAS STOPPED!
I **KNEW** THERE WAS NOTHING
TO BE AFRAID OF!



"IN THE NEXT SECOND, THE MURMURED WORDS FROZE ON MY LIPS...
AND THE BLOOD FROZE IN MY VEINS!"

RISE...RISE!
I HAVE COME
FOR YOU!

WHO...
ARE...
YOU?



A SINGLE WORD PULSED THROUGH THE
DARKNESS...BUT **THIS** TIME IT DIDN'T
COME FROM THE CROAKING CREATURES
OF THE SWAMP! THIS TIME IT WAS **SPOKEN**
...SPOKEN IN TONES THAT HELD THE ECHO OF
DAMP VAULTS AND MOLDERING EARTH!"

LETHA!



IS SHE TALKING TO ME? SHE SEEMS TO BE LOOKING AT SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR, NEAR THE BED...OR IS IT UNDER THE BED?

RISE...RISE! LETHA KNOWS THE WAY UNDER THE BLACK SKY...PAST THE BLACK POOLS...TO BLACK KNOLL!



"SOMETHING MOVED LIKE A SLEEPER STIRRING... SOMETHING CLUMBED AGAINST THE FLOOR LIKE A LIFELESS LIMB..."

UNDER... THE BED!



"ONE LOOK AT THE PALE EYEBALLS STARING OUT FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED, TRANSPARENT LIDS, AND I KNEW...KNEW THAT THE HEAVY BREATHING I HAD HEARD WERE THE LAST GASPS OF A DYING MAN...AND THAT THIS, WHICH WOULD NEVER BREATHE AGAIN, NO LONGER LIVED!"

FOLLOW... FOLLOW! YOU CAME HERE AS A LAST REFUGE...YOU DIED HERE...AND YOU WILL STAY HERE FOREVER WITH THE LIVING DEAD OF BLACK KNOLL!



"I WATCHED FROM THE WINDOW AS THEY MOVED AMONG THE BROODING CYPRESSES...THE MORALLY WOUNDED CONVICT WHO HAD FLED TO THE SWAMPS LIKE A HUNTED ANIMAL...AND LETHA, WHO HAD SOUGHT HIM OUT LIKE A HUNTING FIEND!"

THERE'S NO USE WONDERING NOW ABOUT THE WORD I HEARD CHANTED FROM THE INKY SWAMP WATER...THE WORD I KNEW WAS A NAME! LETHA MEANS DEATH...THE KIND OF DEATH THAT CAN SOMETIMES PROWL THE NIGHT IN A GRISLY IMITATION OF LIFE!

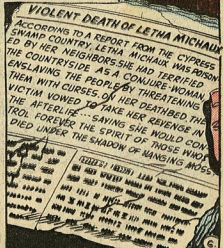
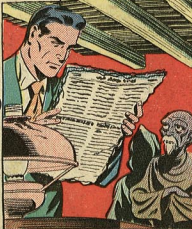


"MY FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO GET INTO MY CAR AND DRIVE AWAY...FORGETTING ALL I KNEW ABOUT BLACK KNOLL! BUT AFTER ALL..."

"I FELT THEIR DULL, GLAZED EYES UPON ME AS I ENTERED THE OUTER ROOM...WRAPPED IN THE HUSH OF ITS SPECTRAL SECRETS!"

"A MOMENT LATER...I FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR!"

WHAT DO I KNOW ABOUT IT? HOW MANY QUESTIONS WILL PLAGUE MY MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS LIKE PHANTOMS FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE...UNLESS THEY'RE ANSWERED? INSIDE IS WHERE I MAY FIND THOSE ANSWERS...FROM THE CRINKLED PAGES OF A NEWSPAPER OVER A HUNDRED YEARS OLD...FROM THE CRINKLED LIPS OF PEOPLE WHO READ THAT PAPER THE DAY IT WAS PRINTED!



"**A**S I FOLDED THE PAPER...I NOTICED A NAME WRITTEN AT THE TOP OF THE FIRST PAGE IN AN OLD-FASHIONED SCRIPT!"

ARE YOU AMOS CHANEY?

I WAS AMOS CHANEY!

HE WAS... HE WAS! I MET AMOS CHANEY IN 1826... MARRIED HIM IN 1829...BURIED HIM IN 1858! HE WAS AMOS CHANEY... MANY, MANY YEARS AGO!

"I TOOK ALL MY COURAGE TO FACE THINGS THAT **SHOULD** HAVE MOVED WITH THE CLATTER OF WHITENED BONES...BUT COULD I SUMMON THE COURAGE TO FACE THE REST?"

WHERE'S LETHA?

IN BLACK KNOLL!

IN A FINE STONE PLACE WITH FOUR WHITE PILLARS!

"**A** WHIMPERING WIND STIRRED THE HAIRY MANTLES ON THE CYPRESSES AS I DROVE THROUGH THE SWAMP...RUSTLING AMONG THE REEDS LIKE THE FOOTSTEPS OF THOSE WHO HAD DIED UNDER THE SHADOW OF HANGING MOSS!"

"**A** HALF-HOUR LATER...AS I REACHED THE TOP OF A LOW HILL..."

THIS IS THE END OF THE ROAD...THIS IS BLACK KNOLL...A CEMETERY! AND THERE'S THE STONE PLACE WITH THE FOUR WHITE PILLARS WHERE I'LL FIND LETHA!

SCREEECH!

"**N**OW, WITH FINGERS OF MIST CURLING THROUGH THE RUSTED GATE, EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED SEEMED CRAZILY UNREAL...A HIDEOUS DREAM SPANNED FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SWAMP...A FANTASY THAT WOULD GLINK OFF AT THE FIRST GREYSTREAKS OF DAWN!"

NOPE...I CAN'T KID MYSELF! IT HAPPENED, AND I'M SCARED...BUT NOT GOARED ENOUGH TO TURN AWAY FROM THE PROOF THAT'S WAITING...IN LETHA'S TOMB!

BLACK KNOLL

A HUNDRED YEARS OF HOOTING WINDS COULDN'T HAVE OPENED THE HEAVY BRONZE DOOR I FOUND AJAR...NOTHING COULD HAVE OPENED IT...EXCEPT GROPING WHITE HANDS!"



I'VE GOTTEN THIS FAR, AND NOW THERE'S NO CHOICE...I'M GOING IN!

FOUR FEET SEPARATED ME FROM THAT BLACK SANCTUARY...FOUR FEET THAT PLUNGED BEFORE ME IN AN ABYSS OF FEAR!"

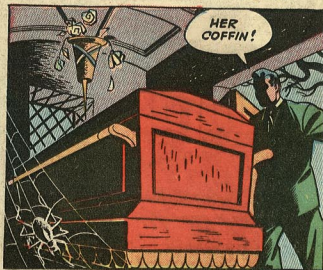


IT WON'T BE MUCH OF A SHOCK TO GEE HER AGAIN...PALLID FACE...BONY CHEEKS! IT'S JUST A MATTER OF BRACING MYSELF!

FOR A TERRIFYING INSTANT, I LOOKED DOWN AT THE HIDEOUS, MUMMY-LIKE ASPECT...THE HOLLOW STARE MEETING MINE...THE BLOODLESS LIPS WRITHING INTO A SMILE!"



"LIGHTING THE MOLDY CANDLES, I LOOKED UNEASILY AROUND! THERE WAS A VASE WITH WITHERED FLOWERS THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE FADED GHOSTS OF DEAD SUNLIGHT...AND DIRECTLY BELOW..."



HER COFFIN!



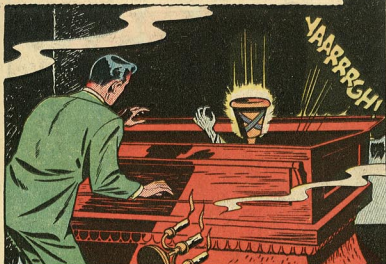
BUT WHAT HAPPENS TO A PALLID FACE AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS...NOW BONY CAN SHRIVELED CHEEKS BECOME...HERE IN THE LONELY REFUGE WHERE NO DISGUISE IS NECESSARY?"

Then...AS I STAGGERED DIZZILY..."



THAT'S WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE! THAT'S LETHA AS SHE REALLY IS!

"A SPLIT SECOND LATER... A GURGLING SCREECH FILLED THE TOMB!"



"AS I DREW BACK MY TREMBLING HAND REACHING FOR THE CANDELABRA, I SAW LETHA'S FIGURE DWINDLE...DWINDLE TO WHAT IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN A CENTURY AGO!"

"A SKELETON! AND IF I KNEW MY FOLKLORE... IT WILL BE PINNED FOREVER TO THE BOTTOM OF THE COFFIN BY THE STAKE THAT PIERCED ITS HEART!"



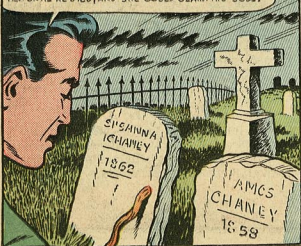
"NOTHING COULD FRIGHTEN ME AFTER THIS...NOT EVEN WHEN I STEPPED OUT OF THE TOMB INTO THE MURKY DAWN!"

"I WATCHED THEIR STOOPED FIGURES FADE...MERGING INTO THE CHIPPED OUTLINES OF LEANING HEADSTONES!"

"I'M NOT TOO SURPRISED TO SEE THEM! THEY'RE COMING BACK...BACK TO WHERE THEY BELONG!"

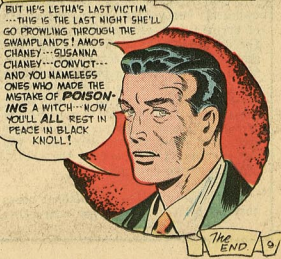


THAT DYING CONVICT STUMBLED INTO THE HOUSE IN WHICH THEY USED TO LIVE...AND LETHA'S CONTROL OVER THEIR SPIRITS FORCED THEM TO RETURN...WATCHING OVER HIM UNTIL HE DIED, AND SHE COULD CLAIM HIS SOUL!



"I SPOKE ALOUD AS I TURNED FOR A LAST LOOK AT BLACK KNOLL...AND MY LAST WORDS WERE FOR THEM!"

BUT HE'S LETHA'S LAST VICTIM...THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT SHE'LL GO PROWLING THROUGH THE SWAMPLANDS! AMOS CHANEY...SUSANNA CHANEY...CONVICT...AND YOU NAMELESS ONES WHO MADE THE MISTAKE OF POISONING A WITCH...NOW YOU'LL ALL REST IN PEACE IN BLACK KNOLL!



THE END

UNKNOWN GHOST

THE GLOOMY fog swirled in from the sea over the Danish town of Elsinore, and the tongues of mist crept eerily over the ramparts of Kronborg Castle just east of the town. But the mist and the fog didn't seem to perturb the hundreds of illustrious people gathered in the castle's great baronial hall---indeed, all of them welcomed having the whole scene shrouded in the fog's white robes, as if the weather had been made to order for the great play that was about to be presented.

It was truly a great occasion, this 350th anniversary celebration of the writing of *Hamlet*. In 1600, the immortal Shakespeare had penned that great tragedy; and now, in 1950, the play was to be put on at Elsinore, the actual locale of that ghost-ridden drama. The greatest actors and actresses in the English-speaking world were to put on the play, and the most illustrious figures in the dramatic and literary worlds were gathered there to witness it, and to pay homage to Shakespeare.

At last the play opened on the grim, stark battlements of the castle, and when the ghost of Hamlet's father appeared, the entire audience was suddenly stricken with a strange wonderment---and with a touch of spine-chilling fear. Never had a ghost in a play been more ghostly, never had a more fearsome apparition glided upon a stage. Swathed from head to foot in loose, flowing robes, of deathly white, with nothing but a pair of burning eyes glowing uncannily from the depths of the shadowed hood, the ghost seemed to be an actual wraith summoned from the *unknown* to act a part in the play. And even the other members of the acting company had to conceal their awe and astonishment at the wonderfully effective costume which Sir Malcolm Shawcross, the great Shakespearean actor who was portraying the part of the ghost, had managed to get up.

And then, in hollow, sepulchral tones that seemed to emanate from some other,

spectral world, the ghost began to speak the lines from the play:

*"My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting
Flames must render up myself...
I could a tale unfold whose lightest
Word would harrow up thy soul, freeze
Thy young blood, make thy two eyes,
Like stars, start from their spheres..."*

Finally, when the play was over and Hamlet's body had been carried from the scene, thunderous applause broke out from the audience---and the wildest bravos were saved for Sir Shawcross, who took his bows as the ghost with such solemn, wraithlike motions that he provoked even more tumultuous applause.

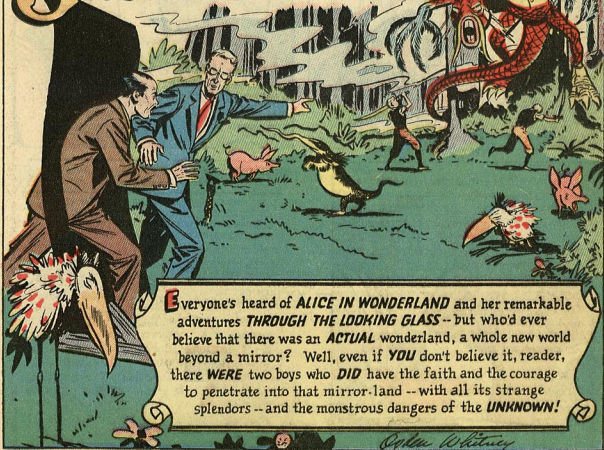
Then, when the curtain rang down for the last time, the players turned to Sir Shawcross to congratulate him on his out-of-this-world performance, but he had somehow managed to slip silently away---almost as if he had vanished into thin air. Smiling at the evidence of the actor's modesty, they hurried to his dressing room in one of the wings of the castle---and there found the limp, unconscious figure of Sir Shawcross lying on the floor, still dressed in the suit in which he had arrived at the castle.

When they finally revived him, Sir Shawcross sat dazedly up, asking, "What happened? The play---is it over? I...I was about to go on stage, it must have been hours ago when something cold and clammy suddenly struck me from behind---I...I guess I've been unconscious ever since!"

A slow, dawning look of horror grew on the faces of the other actors. "Then... then if you didn't play the part of the ghost," one said quaveringly, "Who did?"

Yes---who?

Beware the Jabberwock!



Everyone's heard of **ALICE IN WONDERLAND** and her remarkable adventures **THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS** -- but who'd ever believe that there was an **ACTUAL** wonderland, a whole new world beyond a mirror? Well, even if **YOU** don't believe it, reader, there **WERE** two boys who **DID** have the faith and the courage to penetrate into that mirror-land -- with all its strange splendors -- and the monstrous dangers of the **UNKNOWN!**

Opden Whitney

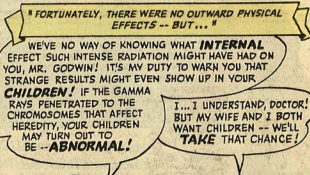
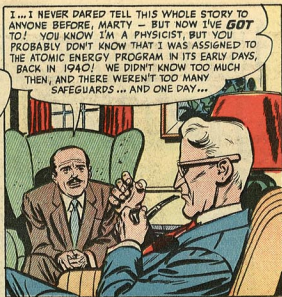


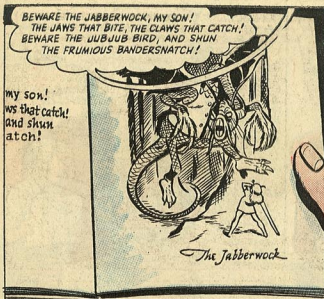
NO -- NO! ... I -- I **DIDN'T** SEE IT -- I **COULDN'T** HAVE! IT WASN'T REAL -- IT MUST HAVE BEEN A HALLUCINATION! I ... I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY MIND!

HELLO ... DOCTOR BANCROFT'S OFFICE? THAT YOU, MARTY? THIS IS BRUCE GODWIN -- LISTEN, I KNOW YOU'RE A DEVILISHLY BUSY PSYCHIATRIST, BUT I'VE **GOT** TO SEE YOU -- **IMMEDIATELY!** IT ... IT MAY BE A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH! CAN YOU COME TO MY HOUSE RIGHT AWAY?

IF IT'S **THAT** IMPORTANT, BRUCE, I'LL CANCEL ALL MY APPOINTMENTS! BE THERE IN AN HOUR!







my son!
aws that catch!
and shun
atch!

The Jabberwock

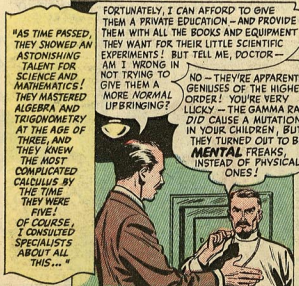


"AND EVERYTIME I FINISHED THE POEM, THERE WAS LITERALLY NO END TO THE QUESTIONS THEY THREW AT ME!"

BUT WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN, FATHER? WHAT IS "BRILLIG"... AND WHAT ARE "SLITHY TOWES" AND "BOROGROVES" AND ALL THE REST?

YES, IT **MUST** MEAN **SOMETHING**! I... I FEEL AS IF I CAN ALMOST GRASP THE MEANING-- BUT SOMEHOW, IT ALWAYS ELUDES ME!

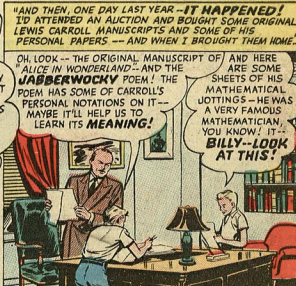
IT'S ALWAYS ELUDED ME TOO, SON! I GUESS YOU CAN MAKE IT MEAN WHATEVER YOU WANT-- BUT NO ONE WILL **EVER** KNOW WHAT CARROLL HIMSELF REALLY MEANT BY IT!



"AS TIME PASSED, THEY SHOWED AN ASTONISHING TALENT FOR SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS! THEY MASTERED ALGEBRA AND TRIGONOMETRY AT THE AGE OF THREE, AND THEY KNEW THE MOST COMPLICATED CALCULUS BY THE TIME THEY WERE FIVE! OF COURSE, I CONSULTED SPECIALISTS ABOUT ALL THIS..."

FORTUNATELY, I CAN AFFORD TO GIVE THEM A PRIVATE EDUCATION-- AND PROVIDE THEM WITH ALL THE BOOKS AND EQUIPMENT THEY WANT FOR THEIR LITTLE SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS! BUT TELL ME, DOCTOR-- AM I WRONG IN NOT TRYING TO GIVE THEM A MORE NORMAL UPBRINGING?

NO-- THEY'RE APPARENTLY GENIUSES OF THE HIGHEST ORDER! YOU'RE VERY LUCKY-- THE GAMMA RAYS DID CAUSE A MUTATION IN YOUR CHILDREN, BUT THEY TURNED OUT TO BE **MENTAL** FREAKS, INSTEAD OF PHYSICAL ONES!



"AND THEN, ONE DAY LAST YEAR--IT HAPPENED! I'D ATTENDED AN AUCTION AND BOUGHT SOME ORIGINAL LEWIS CARROLL MANUSCRIPTS AND SOME OF HIS PERSONAL PAPERS-- AND WHEN I BROUGHT THEM HOME--"

OH, LOOK-- THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"-- AND THE **JABBERWOCKY** POEM! THE POEM HAS SOME OF CARROLL'S PERSONAL NOTATIONS ON IT-- MAYBE IT'LL HELP US TO LEARN ITS **MEANING**!

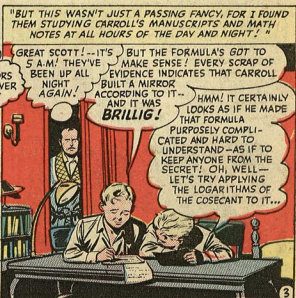
AND HERE ARE SOME SHEETS OF HIS MATHEMATICAL JOTTINGS-- HE WAS A VERY FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN, YOU KNOW! IT-- **BILLY--LOOK AT THIS!**



LOOK AT THAT FORMULA-- IT'S FOR A SPECIAL WAY OF MAKING A MIRROR!

AND THAT WORD AFTER THE FORMULA-- **"BRILLIG!"** BOBBY-- THIS MAY BE IT!

THEY'RE OFF AGAIN! LAST WEEK THEY WERE TRYING TO BUILD A MACHINE THAT WOULD TAKE THEM INTO THE FOURTH DIMENSION, AND THIS WEEK IT'S MIRRORS AND "BRILLIG"-- WHATEVER THAT IS! OH, WELL, IT KEEPS THEM OUT OF MISCHIEF!



"BUT THIS WASN'T JUST A PASSING FANCY, FOR I FOUND THEM STUDYING CARROLL'S MANUSCRIPTS AND MATH NOTES AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT!"

GREAT SCOTT!-- IT'S 5 A.M.!-- THEY'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT AGAIN! BUT THE FORMULA'S GOT TO MAKE SENSE! EVERY SCRAP OF EVIDENCE INDICATES THAT CARROLL BUILT A MIRROR ACCORDING TO IT-- AND IT WAS **BRILLIG!**

HMM! IT CERTAINLY LOOKS AS IF HE MADE THAT FORMULA PURPOSELY COMPLICATED AND HARD TO UNDERSTAND-- AS IF TO KEEP ANYONE FROM THE SECRET! OH, WELL-- LET'S TRY APPLYING THE LOGARITHMS OF THE COSECANT TO IT...

"THEY WORKED MORE AND MORE FEVERISHLY ON THAT FORMULA AS THE WEEKS PASSED--AND I BEGAN TO THINK THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING TO IT! SO, SECRETLY, I TOOK THE FORMULA AND THE MATH NOTES TO A FAMOUS MATHEMATICIAN... BUT--"

THE FORMULA IS SHEER NONSENSE--AND THE MATH IS PURE GIBBERISH! THEY'RE AS MEANINGLESS AS LEWIS CARROLL'S VERSE!

HMM... BUT WHAT IF THE VERSE ISN'T NONSENSE?

"A MONTH PASSED, AND I BEGAN TO HAVE THE UNEASY FEELING THAT THE KIDS WERE BECOMING STRANGERS--TO ME AND TO THE REAL WORLD--AS IF THEY ACTUALLY BELONGED TO SOME OTHER WORLD! AND THEY SEEMED TO BE LOOKING FOR THAT OTHER WORLD--IN ALL THE ODD MIRRORS THEY BEGAN TO MAKE!"

NOPE! THIS LAST ONE ISN'T IT, EITHER--MY HAND WON'T GO THROUGH IT!

WELL, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO KEEP ON TRYING--I'M SURE WE'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK! THERE MUST BE JUST ONE MINOR DETAIL THAT'S KEEPING US FROM MAKING IT BRILLIG!

"AND THEN, ABOUT TWO HOURS AGO, WHILE I WAS SITTING RIGHT HERE--I HEARD A SHOUT FROM THE BOYS' ROOM!"

BOBBY--WE'VE DONE IT--THIS IS IT!

I'D BETTER GET UPSTAIRS AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!

"I FOUND MYSELF LOOKING AT THE MOST FANTASTICALLY UNCANNY AND UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT THAT HAD EVER GREETED MORTAL EYES!"

WOW! CARROLL SURE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE WROTE, "IT WAS BRILLIG"! COME ON IN AND TAKE A LOOK, BOBBY!

WELL, HURRY UP--I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

NO, IT... IT ISN'T REAL--THEY CAN'T BE DISAPPEARING INTO THAT MIRROR!

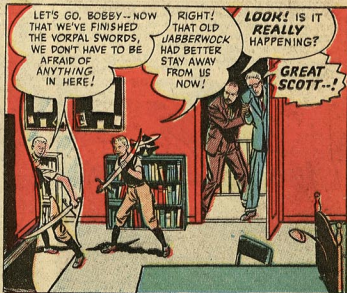
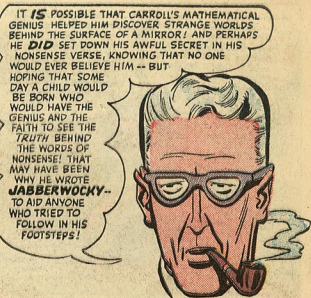
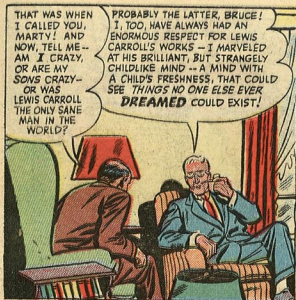
I... I DIDN'T SEE IT--I COULDN'T HAVE! IT WAS JUST AN HALLUCINATION--I'LL CLOSE MY EYES TIGHT, AND WHEN I OPEN THEM AGAIN, THE BOYS'LL BE RIGHT BACK IN THE ROOM--AND I'LL KNOW I WAS JUST SEEING THINGS!

"WHEN I OPENED MY EYES..."

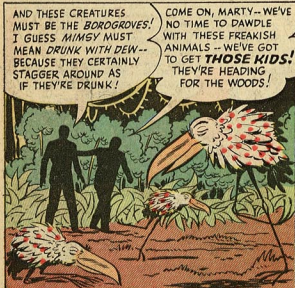
WOW--WHAT A WORLD! BUT WE DON'T DARE GO TOO FAR IN THERE WITHOUT THE VORPAL SWORD--ACCORDING TO THE JABBERWOCKY POEM, IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT CAN KILL THE JABBERWOCK!

WELL, WE'VE GOT TWO SWORDS--AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS BEND THE BLADES THE VORPAL WAY, JUST AS IT'S DESCRIBED BY THE AUXILIARY FORMULAS! LET'S GET RIGHT TO WORK ON 'EM!

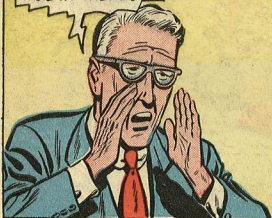
THEY'RE HERE, BUT... BUT THE WAY THEY'RE TALKING, THEY WERE IN THAT MIRROR! I... I FEEL AS IF I'M GOING MAD!--I'D BETTER PHONE MARTY!



AND, AS THE TWO MEN STEP THROUGH THE MIRROR...



BRUCE -- NO! COME BACK -- STAY AWAY FROM THOSE WOODS! THE JUBJUB BIRD AND THE BANDERSNATCH MIGHT BE IN THERE!



TOO LATE -- IT'S THE JUBJUB BIRD! AND I... I'M POWERLESS TO HELP HIM -- BARE HANDS ARE WORTHLESS AGAINST THOSE CLAWS AND BEAK!



AND THEN -- THE FRUMIOUS BANDERSNATCH!



IT -- GOT HIM! POOR BRUCE! AND THE BOYS -- I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T TANGLED WITH THE JABBERWOCK! I'D BETTER -- FOLLOW THEM--



IT'S ABOUT TO POUNCE ON THEM -- WHY IN BLAZES DON'T THEY USE THEIR SWORDS? -- OH, I KNOW WHY -- CARROLL TOLD THEM WHAT TO DO IN THE JABBERWOCKY POEM --

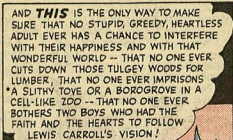
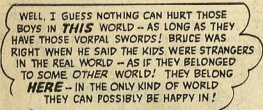
"HE TOOK HIS VORPAL SWORD IN HAND,
LONG TIME THE MANXOME FOE HE SOUGHT--
SO RESTED HE BY THE TUMTUM TREE,
AND STOOD AWHILE IN THOUGHT..."



SUDDENLY...

**COME ON, BOBBY--NOW!
ONE, TWO! --
ONE, TWO!**





'Twas brillig,
and the
slithy toves
did gyre and
gimble in
the wabe;
All mimsy were
the borogroves,
And the mome
raths outgrabe.
**Beware the
Jabberwock,
my son!...**
--and beware
**THE
UNKNOWN!**



The Lost Soul



"REMEMBER? THE WEDDING OF MARY THATCHER AND GEORGE CHURCH! I WAS BEST MAN..."

I NOW PRONOUNCE
YOU MAN AND WIFE!

A FEW YEARS
AGO... WE
WERE ALL KIDS
ON THE SAME
BLOCK...



"NOW IT WAS 'DR. GEORGE CHURCH'... AND 'MRS. CHURCH'..."

SORT OF
SOUTH AMERICA IS
JUST THE PLACE
FOR MY RESEARCH
IN RARE DRUGS,
TOM!

A COMBINED
HONEYMOON
AND FIELD
TRIP! BETTER
HURRY IF YOU'RE
GOING TO KISS
THE BRIDE, TOM...
IT'S ALMOST
TIME FOR US
TO GO!



"THESE WERE GEORGE'S LAST WORDS TO ME AS THEY LEFT IN A CLOUD OF RICE AND HAPPINESS! HOW IRONICALLY TRUE THEY WERE!"

SO LONG,
KIDS! BLESS
YOU!

'BYE,
TOM! WE'LL
SEND YOU A
POST CARD!



"THE POST CARD DIDN'T ARRIVE
TILL SEVERAL MONTHS HAD PASSED...
AND WHEN IT DID..."



"NEXT NIGHT, I RUSHED TO THE WATERFRONT CAFÉ... HALF FEAR-
ING I KNEW NOT WHAT..."



WHAT A DIVE! NOW
IF THAT NOTE'S ON
THE LEVEL...THERE'S
GEORGE!

"SHORT MONTHS
AGO, I HAD WAVED GOOD-
BYE TO A MAN IN THE PRIME
OF LIFE! NOW...I WAS STAR-
ING IN DISMAY AT...THE WRECK
OF THAT MAN!"

GEORGE! I SEE
YOU...BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT!

TOM! THANK
HEAVEN YOU
CAME!



"A MAN ASHEN-FACED, BROKEN, FINISHED IN THE
SPACE OF A FEW MONTHS' TIME!"

GEORGE, PULL YOURSELF
TOGETHER...I'M HERE
TO HELP YOU! TELL
ME...WHAT
HAPPENED?

I'LL TRY, TOM!
IF I CAN...THAT
IS, IF IT ALL
REALLY
HAPPENED!



"WE...MARY AND I...WERE HAPPY
AFTER WE REACHED SOUTH AMERICA
...FOR A WHILE! THEN MARY FELL
ILL...STRANGELY ILL!"

NO USE KIDDING MY-
SELF ANY LONGER! I'VE
GOT TO FACE IT!...IT...
IT'S BRAIN FEVER...
A RARE CASE--MOST
SEVERE I'VE EVER
SEEN!



MARY'S SINKING FAST...WHY
DON'T I SAY IT...SHE'S DYING!
AND THERE'S ONLY ONE HOPE!



MY NEW DRUG! THE CEREBRAL
DRUG FOR DISEASES OF THE
BRAIN! I'VE USED IT IN THE
LAB! NOW I MUST HAVE THE
COURAGE TO USE IT ON
MARY! HEAVEN HELP ME!



"FOR AWHILE, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH THE DISEASE WAS ARRESTED! MARY IMPROVED... GREW WELL..."

HERE'S YOUR MEDICINE, DARLING! FEELING BETTER? I BROUGHT TOPAZ IN TO CHEER YOU UP!



"BUT WHY WAS THERE SUDDENLY, A COLD, BLEAK HORROR IN THE ROOM? WERE THE TWO STARING EYES IN THAT LIFELESS FACE THE EYES OF MY MARY?"

"THE CAT SUPPLIED THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION! NOW MARY'S EYES WERE BURNING PAST ME... HER ARMS WERE CLAWING FOR THE WILD, FRIGHTENED ANIMAL!"

MARY... STOP IT! PLEASE... STOP!



POR DIOS... SAVE ME... SHE IS MAD! SHE WILL KILL ME... OR DRIVE ME MAD!

"S3 QUIETED HER... PUSHED A NEW FEAR FROM MY MIND! I KNEW MARY WAS GETTING BETTER... PHYSICALLY! BUT THEN...

ARE YOU READY FOR YOUR WALK TODAY, SEÑORA?

I AM READY! DIABLO... I AM READY... NOW! COME... CLOSER...



"WHEN I ENTERED THE ROOM IN RESPONSE TO A WILD SHRIEK..."



I MUST HAVE... YOUR SOUL! I WILL TEAR IT OUT OF YOU...

MARY... WHAT'S THE MATTER! MARY!

"MY SWEET, GENTLE MARY WAS ATTACKING THE SERVANT GIRL, HANDS BARED LIKE THE TALONS OF A HAWK!"

MARY... IT'S GEORGE! LISTEN TO ME... YOU'RE LIKE A WOMAN POSSESSED! GO, LINA... THE SEÑORA IS ILL! I BEG YOU... FORGIVE HER!



"SOMEHOW, I LED MARY BACK TO BED, LOCKED THE DOOR, TIED HER DOWN! HER EYES STARED VACANTLY AHEAD... AND I KNEW..."

SHE'S RECOVERING PHYSICALLY... BUT DYING MENTALLY! MY DRUG HAS KILLED THE DISEASE IN HER BRAIN... AND KILLED A PART OF HER BRAIN AS WELL! THE PART WE CALL... THE SOUL!



"S3 HAD ARRESTED THE DISEASE... BUT KILLED THE SOUL THAT MADE HER MARY! IN HER BODY WAS A DEVIL... IN SEARCH OF A SOUL!"

"MY LOVELY MARY WAS A DEMON WITHOUT CONSCIENCE OR FEAR! I BOUND HER TO HER BED, TENDED HER ALONE... BEHIND LOCKED DOORS..."

WE'RE ALL SAFE... FOR AWHILE! BUT IF SHE EVER ESCAPES...

SEÑOR CHURCH... THE SENORA... SHE IS GONE!



"I SPED TO THE DOOR! MY HEART WAS A KNIFE IN MY CHEST, FEARING FOR US ALL... FEARING ABOVE ALL FOR MARY!"

MARY... DARLING... MARY... COME BACK!

MY SOUL... I MUST FIND... MY SOUL! I'LL DO... ANYTHING TO GET IT!



"THE STEAMING JUNGLE WAS A SHORT RUN FROM THE HOUSE! I FOLLOWED HER... THE DARKNESS AND DANGER AROUND ME ADDING TO THE SICK FEAR WITHIN ME!"

SHE'S MAD... A SHE-DEVIL WITHOUT A SOUL! PRAY I CAN GET HER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



"FOR A MOMENT, IN THE DARK UNDERBRUSH, I LOST HER! THEN... THE FETID AIR WAS FILLED WITH A SCREAM OF THE DEEPEST, MOST PRIMEVAL HORROR I HAD EVER HEARD!"

EE-YAH!

I... I'M TOO LATE!



"I STUMBLED FORWARD, LUNGS BURSTING WITH TERROR..."

DIE... THAT I MAY RIP THE SOUL FROM YOUR BODY AND LIVE AGAIN!

AIYEEEE!



SEIZE THE MAD WOMAN! KILL HER!

WAIT! STAND BACK!



"THE NATIVES WERE MUTTERING, THREATENING! I HAD TO GET MARY OUT OF THERE ALIVE! I FORGOT MY OWN DANGER..."

SEIZE HER! SEIZE THEM BOTH!

SHE IS ILL! I WILL TAKE CARE OF HER! LET US GO... PLEASE!



"I WENT BACK HOME, AN ETERNITY OF FEAR LATER, I PUT MARY BACK TO BED! WHILE SHE SLEPT, I SAT AWAKE...TORTURING MYSELF WITH THOUGHT..."

THIS...THIS **THING** IN MARY...I BROUGHT IT ON! I MADE HER THIS WAY! I MADE HER...**A DEVIL!** THERE'S ONLY **ONE THING** TO DO...



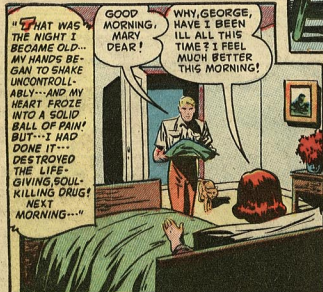
...TAKE AWAY THE DRUG! THE DRUG THAT SAVED HER LIFE!



"THAT WAS THE NIGHT I BECAME OLD... MY HANDS BEGAN TO SHAKE UNCONTROLLABLY...AND MY HEART FROZE INTO A SOLID BALL OF PAIN! BUT...I HAD DONE IT... DESTROYED THE LIFE-GIVING, SOUL-KILLING DRUG! NEXT MORNING..."

GOOD MORNING, MARY DEAR!

WHY, GEORGE, HAVE I BEEN ILL ALL THIS TIME? I FEEL MUCH BETTER THIS MORNING!



SOON...

READY FOR OUR MORNING STROLL, SENORA CHURCH?

I CAN'T WAIT...OH, TOPAZ IS HERE TOO! I'M SO HAPPY TO SEE HER AGAIN!



"I THOUGHT: 'SHE'S SO BEAUTIFUL...SO KIND...HERSELF AGAIN...MY MARY!' AND I THOUGHT: 'I AM KILLING HER...AND THERE IS NOTHING ELSE I CAN DO!' ALL TOO SOON..."

GEORGE...DARLING...I FEEL...WEAK! WHY IS EVERYTHING SO DIM AROUND ME? IS IT...NIGHT?

YOU'RE JUST TIRED, DEAR! TRY TO...GET SOME SLEEP!



"A COLD FOG SEEPED IN TO THE ROOM...BETWEEN MARY AND ME..."

GEORGE! WHERE ARE YOU? GEORGE...

I'M HERE, MARY DARLING! RIGHT HERE!

SHE...SHE'S DYING!



THE COLD FOG OF...IMPLACABLE DEATH!



"I FELT MYSELF HALF DEAD! I RAN...FROM MYSELF...FROM THE SCENE OF MARY'S END... BUT TAKING WITH ME THE TERRIBLE KNOWLEDGE THAT I HAD KILLED HER!"

"**B**ACK IN THE WATERFRONT CAFE, THE SMOKE HUNG HEAVY...LOW..."

THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, TOM! THAT'S WHY I COULDN'T WRITE TO YOU! THAT'S WHY I CAME BACK THIS WAY... **HALF DEAD!** YOU...YOU **BELIEVE ME,** TOM?

SURE, GEORGE! WE'LL FIX YOU UP! YOU'LL BE YOURSELF AGAIN IN NO TIME!



"**B**UT WAS IT SMOKE...OR...ANOTHER HEAVINESS...ANOTHER FORCE...I ALMOST SAID '**SPECTER!**' COME DOWN TO EARTH, TOM POWERS; I MUTTERED TO MYSELF YOU DON'T **REALLY** BELIEVE THIS WEIRD STORY!"

I'LL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN, TOM...NEVER BE A WHOLE MAN AGAIN! TOM...DO YOU FEEL A PRESENCE...**HER** PRESENCE...IN THE AIR? TELL ME...TOM...PLEASE...DID I...DID I...**KILL HER?**



"**B**EFORE I COULD BEGIN THE CONSOLING LAUGH THAT CAUGHT IN MY THROAT...THE FOGGY, FURRY SPECTER AROUND US DRIFTED IN CLOSE...AND ENVELOPED GEORGE CHURCH! I LOOKED ON IN BUG-EYED AMAZEMENT!"

IT'S MARY...
MY MARY!

I SWEAR...HE **SEES HER!** I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT...IF I WEREN'T SEEING IT TOO...**WITH MY OWN EYES!**



"**Y**ES I COULD SEE IT...THE SPIRIT...THE SOUL...OF MARY CHURCH...ENFOLDING GEORGE IN A LAST EMBRACE!"

MARY...I LOVE YOU! I'LL GO WITH YOU...ANYWHERE! I **CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU, MARY!**



"**I** STARTED FORWARD AS THE APPARITION PASSED...AND SAW..."



A LOOK OF PEACE COVERED THE WORN FEATURES OF MY FRIEND...HIS EYES WERE CLOSED! I KNEW...HE WAS **DEAD!**

NO, GEORGE...YOU DIDN'T KILL HER! YOU SAVED HER...AND **SHE SAVED YOU!**



"**I** WHISPERED THIS ANSWER TO HIS LAST QUESTION! AND I WAS AS CERTAIN AS I AM TODAY THAT I HAD WITNESSED AN INCIDENT OUT OF THE **UNKNOWN!**"

Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents? to become an "All-Around" HE-MAN at Home

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris

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PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

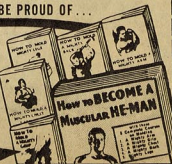
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